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THE

PEACE OFFERING.

SONGS,

on

THE SIGNING OF PRELIMINARIES,

and

RATIFICATION OF PEACE,

October 1st and 10th,
1801.

BY

J. BISSET,

Museum, Birmingham:

AUTHOR

of

THE ORPHAN BOY, JUVENILE REDUPLICATIONS,
&c. &c. &c.

ALSO,

THE IRISH UNION;

and

SEVERAL MISCELLANEOUS SONGS,

Adapted to familiar Tunes.

"Peace and Old England for ever."

BIRMINGHAM:

PRINTED BY GRAFTON & REDDELL,

for the Author:

Sold by him; also by Mr. HURST, Paternoster-Row, London;
and all Booksellers in the Imperial Kingdoms.

1801.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

To the Members of the

BIRMINGHAM ANACREONTIC

AND

SENTIMENTAL SOCIETIES.

Gentlemen, Friends, and Fellow Townsmen!

THE Approbation you have often signified, and the Enthusiasm with which you have received my SONGS, when I have had the Honor of sitting amongst you as '*Presidentum of Mirth*,' demand my warmest Acknowledgments; and, in Compliance with your *unanimous* Concurrence, I beg Leave to dedicate the annexed Songs,

TO

"*The Festive Anacreontic and Sentimental Societies.*"

Dedications, in general, contai complimentary and fulsome Panegyric: but I am a Foe to all Flattery, of Cour: you will not expect Compliments incon patible with Sincerity. I shall briefly sa that I have experienced great Pleasu and Satisfaction in your *Harmonic a: Convivial Societies*, and I sincerely wi you much Happiness, and hope you m: continue long to flourish.

If the Public, before whom I ha been prevailed on to lay the followi Songs, disapprove of the Compositions, shall have to attribute their Failure to n *own* want of Judgment, and *your* Par ality; but, whatever their Fate may l I have to assure you, that I shall e remain, with Sentiments of the great Sincerity and Esteem,

Your most obedient Servant,

J. Bisse

MUSEUM, NEW-STREET.

To the Public.

THE Author of the MAGNIFICENT,* and GRAND NATIONAL DIRECTORY, is not at all ambitious in coming before the Public, as "*a Ballad Writer;*" but, in Compliance with the earnest Solicitations of many of his Friends, who were anxious to obtain Copies of his Songs, he has been prevailed on to publish a few, out of a great Variety, which he has occasionally composed, for his own Amusement, and the Entertainment of his Friends.

Should the Public receive them as favourably as they have done his former Publications, and adopt them with the

* Two superb Publications by J. BISSET, with the Addresses of the principal Merchants and Manufacturers in the Kingdom, finely engraved in elegant and emblematic Copper-plates.

same Partiality as they continue to do his *Orphan Boy*, *Juvenile Reduplications*, &c. it will give him infinite Pleasure.

The first Song was written and printed in two Hours after the Arrival of the Mail, with the Account of Preliminaries of Peace being signed in London, which he published, and gave Copies of, to his Friends, in hopes of adding to the general Joy which was expressed by the Inhabitants of the Town: It happily answered the Purpose intended, and was sung with great Glee in many convivial Societies.

The whole of the Songs were written *impromptu;* and he submits them to the Public with great Deference and Respect, hoping their Candour will excuse any Imperfection in the Compositions.

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☞ The ingenious Messrs. MUIR, WOOD, & Co. Musical Instrument Makers to HIS MAJESTY, No. 7, Leith Street, Edinburgh, have lately published the Music to the IRISH UNION, which may be had at their Warehouse—as also several SCOTCH SONGS—the Manuscripts of which have been presented to them by Mr. Bisset.

*** Messrs. Muir, Wood, & Co. manufacture the newly-invented MUSICAL GAME, by special Appointment of the Patentee.

THE

PEACE OFFERING.

SONGS,

BY

J. BISSET.

IMPROMPTU,

On the Arrival of the NEWS of the Preliminary Articles of PEACE, between Great-Britain and the French Republic, being signed in LONDON, October 1, 1801.

TUNE—"*Ye Warwickshire Lads,*" &c.

YE brave *British* Lads and ye Lasses,
With bumpers come fill all your glasses,
Come revel away, rejoice and be gay,
Come revel away, rejoice and be gay,
And hail the glad tidings of this happy day!
All be gay, on this happy day,
Drink, Peace and Old England for ever, huzza!

CHORUS.—*All be gay,* &c.

Our Artists, Mechanics, and Neighbours,
With joy *soon* resuming their labours,
With hearts light and airy, so cheerful and gay,
With hearts light and airy, so cheerful and gay,
Will hail the *glad tidings* of this happy day!
All be gay, on this happy day,
Drink, Peace and Old England for ever, huzza!

CHORUS.—*All be gay*, &c.

Arts, Science, and Commerce reviving,
With zeal for Old England still striving,
Good Orders our *Merchants* will quickly display,
Good Orders our *Merchants* will quickly display,
Since PEACE is restor'd, let's be cheerful and gay,
Cheerful and gay, on this happy day!
Drink, Peace and Old England for ever, huzza!

CHORUS.—*Cheerful*, &c.

With CERES rich gifts late befriended,
Now PEACE over England's extended,
Long, long may Great-Britain and France bless the day,
Long, long may Great-Britain and France bless the day,
That PEACE o'er each Nation extended her sway!
Long bless the day, be cheerful and gay,
Drink, Peace and Old England for ever, huzza!

CHORUS.—*Long bless*, &c.

SONG.

TUNE—"*Physicians may talk of their ills.*"

POLITICIANS may prate, if they please,
Whilst *Wyndham* finds fault with a *Peace*,
"Candle ends and the parings of cheese,"
He doubtless finds on the decrease.
He doubtless, &c.

CHORUS.—Promoters of discord their spleen may display,
The friends of a *Peace* will be cheerful and gay.

INVASION, (a bugbear no doubt,)
No longer now rings in our ears,
John Bull has the phantom found out,
Of course has got rid of his fears.
Of course, &c.

CHORUS.—In *War*—he his courage would doubtless display,
In *Peace*—honest *John* will be happy and gay!

English *Tars* and *Oak Bulwarks*, 'tis plain,
Of Britain remain still the boast,
Their empire hold over the main,
And guard from all danger our coast.
And guard, &c.

CHORUS.—In *War*—they their thunder, terrific display,
In *Peace*—British sailors are happy and gay.

Our *British* protectors by land,
Our *Heroes* so gallant and brave,
Are still at their Country's command,
Our grand *Magna Charta* to save!
Our grand, &c.

CHORUS.—But *Peace*, crown'd with olive, extends now her
Then brave *British Heroes* be cheerful and ga

To herself, let *Old England* be true,
This maxim for ever retain,
Give honor where merit is due,
Check rogues both in—*spirit* and *grain!*
Check rogues, &c.

CHORUS.—The *hydra Monopoly!* quickly destroy,
Give *bread* to the poor, make their hearts leap fe

Let *English* and *French* now unite,
The splendor of both will encrease,
No more let 'em quarrel and fight,
But give to all Europe a *Peace*.
But give, &c.

CHORUS.—May *Union* and *Friendship* their charms now di
And *English* and *French*, still be happy and g

THE INVITATION.

Sung at the BIRMINGHAM ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

TUNE—"*To Anacreon in Heaven*," &c.

"TO *Anacreon* in heav'n," where he sat, full of mirth,
A few of his sons sent a kind invitation,
That he, from his throne, would descend to the earth,
To witness the joy of the whole *British* nation;
"Come, come, come," they cry'd,
When *Anacreon* espy'd,
The embassy sent to conduct him below!
He cry'd, "Jovial souls,
"Come, fill, fill the bowls,
"With *Nectar* divine let your cups overflow."

CHORUS.—*He cry*'d, &c.

In bumpers divine the *Old Boy* pledg'd them round,
Accepted, with joy, of their kind invitation,
Then quickly descending, he reach'd *British* ground,
And witness'd, with pleasure, the joy of the Nation;
"*Peace, Peace!*" long they cry'd,
At length *Jove* comply'd,
Peace and *Plenty* were granted to mortals below;
Then come, jovial souls,
Come, drain, drain the bowls,
With bumpers divine let your cups overflow.

CHORUS.—*Then come*, &c.

Anacreon's gay sons, to their patron with glee,
And zeal, fill'd their glasses in bumpers around,
His health then was toasted, with cheers, *three times t*
With rapture it made his old heart to rebound;
He cry'd, " Come, my boys,
" To add to our joys,
" With *Peace* universal may Europe be crown'd!
" May *Commerce* encrease,
" With the blessings of *Peace*,
" And *Discord*, in bumpers, for ever be drown'd."

CHORUS.—*May Commerce*, &c.

The wise hoary sage from his seat then arose,
A bumper he fill'd from the juice of the vine,
Wish'd *Britons* no more with the *French* might be foes,
And *Briton* with *Briton* in amity join!
His joy to expand,
He found, hand in hand,
His sons join'd in *Union* and *Friendship* around!
" Heav'n grant, then," he cry'd,
" That *Britons* ally'd,
" Thus, thus, thro' the *Empire*, may ever be found."

CHORUS.—*Heav'n grant*, &c.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

ıng at the LOW BAILIFF's FEAST, Shakespere Tavern, October 23, 1801.

TUNE—"*Religion's a politic Law.*"

THE blessings of PEACE now restor'd,
On past times let us never keep thinking,
For CERES has furnish'd our board,
And BACCHUS ensures us good drinking;
The blessings which Providence sends,
Let us ever enjoy with true zest,
We'll share her choice gifts with our friends,
And think ev'ry thing tends for the best!

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

If, of years we have threescore and ten,
Allow'd us on earth for probation,
Let us act as becomes *honest* men,
('Twill afford us, at least, consolation!)
In our journey thro' life let us strive,
To prevent still our spirits from sinking,
And our hearts to keep always alive,
Stir the bottle—and bumpers keep drinking.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Philosophers wisely confess,
Old and young, cynic, sage, and divine,
(But, indeed, sir, they cannot do less,)
That there's virtue in heart-cheering wine!
But our faith upon other mens' sleeves,
To pin—none here present has need;
Here's a bottle, whoe'er disbelieves,
May by tasting—set up his own creed.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

May the blessings of PLENTY and PEACE,
On Britons be ever attendant,
May Arts, Trade, and Commerce encrease,
And the EMPIRE remain independent,
May the seeds of affiance be sown,
May *Friendship* and *Union* abound,
May no party distinctions be known,
But dissention, in bumpers, be drown'd.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

'Bout *Religion* I hate all that fuss,
Which zealots contend for and fight,
What are other mens' creeds unto us?
Let us *think*—*will*—and *do*—what is right.
'Twould give me great pleasure to see,
All sects this grand maxim pursue,
Turk, *Cath'lic*, and *Pagan* agree,
And the *Christian*—shake hands with the *Jew*.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

If a fault in a neighbour we 'spy,
Let's be cautious, at least, how we blame,
Ere we pluck out the *mote* from his eye,
From our own—let us pull out the *beam!*
'Twill then very likely appear,
The objects, once dim to our sight,
When examin'd minutely and clear,
May prove *virtues*, when brought forth to light.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Let those who good neighbourhood prize,
In party disputes never join,
If you wish to live merry and wise,
Let *discord* be drown'd in good wine;
With zeal push the bottle about,
Our post to desert we will never,
Whilst the bottle a bumper holds out,
We'll drink, "*Peace and Old England for ever!*"

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

SONG,

on the

UNION WITH IRELAND.

To it's own Tune.

OH! blest was the day, when St. GEORGE first invited
St. ANDREW in *Union* and *Friendship* to join,
And blest be the day that St. PATRICK united,
May the record be stamp'd on IMPERIAL COIN!
Let Fame spread the sound,
The whole Globe around,
Whilst the sun-beams of Glory, or lamp of fair Luna,
In palace or grotto,
Shine bright on this motto,
The ~~Rivers~~ Kingdoms unite—"*Tria Juncta in Unâ.*" *

CHORUS.—*Let Fame, &c.*

When the world first began to feel heat or motion,
Or streamlets in currents rush'd into the sea,
Three far distant rivers have join'd in *one* ocean,
The *Clyde*, and the *Liffey*, and sweet winding *Dee*;
Let Fame spread the sound,
The whole Globe around,
Whilst the sun-beams of Glory, or lamp of fair Luna,
In palace or grotto,
Shine bright on this motto,
The ~~Kingdoms~~ Rivers are now—"*Tria Juncta in Unâ.*"

CHORUS.—*Let Fame, &c.*

* Re.

☞ *Tria Juncta in Uno.*—Three joined in one, the Irish motto, alluding to the Shamrock.

Can those who in botany feel most delighted,
In culling each flow'r in creation that blows,
Produce me a trio, like those now united?
The *Thistle*, the *Shamrack*, and sweet blushing *Rose!*
Let Fame spread the sound,
The whole Globe around,
Whilst the sun-beams of Glory, or lamp of fair Luna,
In palace or grotto,
Shine bright on this motto,
The Flow'rets entwine—"*Tria Juncta in Unâ.*"

CHORUS.—*Let Fame, &c.*

May the hands and the hearts of *Scotch*, *English*, and *Irish*,
In *Union* and *Friendship*, cemented still be,
May all *animosities* quickly now perish,
And the EMPIRE remain ever happy and free!
Let Fame spread the sound,
The whole Globe around,
Whilst the sun-beams of Glory, or lamp of fair Luna,
In palace or grotto,
Shine bright on this motto,
The Natives are now—"*Tria Juncta in Unâ.*"

CHORUS.—*Let Fame, &c.*

☞ Great-Britain and Ireland united, January 1st, 1801, under the name of the BRITISH EMPIRE.

ON DRINKING.

TUNE—"*Here's a Health to the Dutchess,*" &c.

LET others Old Port or rich Wines recommend,
Their Burgundy, Claret, or Frontiniack,
Whilst others the drinking of spirits defend,
And prefer Nantz and Hollands, or fam'd Cogniac;
Opportunity seize,
To drink what they please,
But once let 'em taste of good *Ale*; then, I know,
For Liquors or Wine,
They'd never repine,
But drink *Ale*, in full bumpers, wherever they go.

CHORUS.—*For Liquors, &c.*

No more, then, of Liquors, or Wines, let us hear,
But push round the tankard, and merrily sing,
To you I appeal, if this famous Old Beer,
Is not fit for the palate of Duke, Prince, or King?
The juice of the vine,
I grant's very fine,
But once let 'em taste of such Ale; then, I know,
The King, Duke, or Prince,
Their taste to evince,
Would drink *Ale*, in full bumpers, wherever they go.

CHORUS.—*The King, &c.*

Behold how it sparkles, no Wine can compare
To a full flowing goblet of *Ale* clear and fine,
The Gods, for a barrel of stingo so rare,
Would quit, with great pleasure, their *Nectar* divine!
Old *Jove* then would quaff,
Merry *Momus* would laugh,
Apollo would sing in it's praises, I know;
The *Deities* then,
Again and again,
Would drink *Ale*, in full bumpers, wherever they go.
CHORUS.—*The Deities, &c.*

Such famous old stingo as this cannot fail,
Our hearts to elate, and our bodies to cheer,
And all, sure, must own, that a flask of good *Ale*,
Will enliven our souls, and our faculties clear;
Then come, now, my boys,
Let's drink to the joys,
Of those we esteem, (hearty fellows, you know,)
And may they still find,
A tap to their mind,
And drink *Ale*, in full bumpers, wherever they go.
CHORUS.—*And may, &c.*

Since *Discord* to regions of darkness has fled,
And *Bellona* and *Mars* have retir'd from the field,
Since *Ceres* her bounties o'er *Britain* has shed,
And the *Swords* to the *Ploughshares* now happily yield!
Since PEACE o'er the land,
Her blessings expand,
May our cups with the *comforts of life* overflow!
May *Britons* still be,
Contented and free,
And drink *Ale*, in full bumpers, wherever they go.
CHORUS.—*May Britons, &c.*

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

Sung at the BIRMINGHAM SENTIMENTAL SOCIETY.

TUNE—"*Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen.*"

HERE, bless'd with my bottle, I'll merrily sing,
Give *Toasts sentimental* in plenty,
My emporium has a continual spring,
And I'll give you, perhaps, ten or twenty.
Pass the toast round,
Mirth will abound,
Wherever good wine and *choice spirits* are found!
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

My first claims a bumper, tho' now, I protest,
On no *subject* whatever, I sing, sir,
But I hope ev'ry subject, in what he likes best,
Will pledge me in drinking—*The King!* sir.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

A health to the *Queen*, *Prince* and *Princess of Wales*,
And all *Royal Branches* we'll toast, sir,
Our old Wooden Bulwarks, no Englishman fails,
For to drink—they're of Britons the boast, sir.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Our brave British Admirals, Captains and Tars,
I'll give, in full bumpers of stingo,
To our *Noble Commanders*, who've gain'd honor'd scars,
And our *Soldiers*, we'll drink to, by jingo.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

In the great choice of liquor which Bacchus affords,
We'll drink without further debate, sir,
The *Commons of England*, and also the *Lords*,
Wishing—*great men were good, good men great*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

To Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, Vicars, we'll drink,
Priests, Deacons, (the Laity too, sir,)
To Men of all Sects, who may liberal think,
Dissenter, Turk, Pagan, or *Jew*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's—*Health to the Sick*, and *Success to the Brave*,
And *Joy to each heart that's oppress'd*, sir,
Enlargement and Freedom to Debtor and Slave,
Relief to the Poor and distress'd, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's—*To Professors of ev'ry degree,*
Here's—*To all honest Lawyers and Doctors!*
To Chancellors, too, we'll a bumper decree,
And we'll drink—*Poets, Prebends, and Proctors.*

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

May we still find a Friend, and a Bottle in store,
(Should misfortune or crosses assail us,)
And when we can't raise even—*One Bottle more,*
May our Spirits and Friends never fail us.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

The Land of Potatoes, with pleasure, I'll give,
Nor shall *Welchmen*, by me, be forgot, sir,
The braw Land o'Cakes, I will drink, whilst I live,
Auld Reekie,* and *each bonny Scot*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Our Friends and our Neighbours, let's never forget,
As they tend to make happy our lives, sir,
And 'til unto Nature we pay the last debt,
Let us drink—*To our Sweethearts and Wives*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Old England's a favorite toast, I should think,
We'll give it, with cheers, *(three times three,)* sir;
To add to our joys, we with pleasure will drink,
May the Land that we live in be free, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c,*

To be Sung occasionally.

The Toyshop of Europe, a bumper must claim,
May it's Trade and it's Commerce encrease, sir,
May BIRMINGHAM *rank in the first list of Fame*,
And *Britons enjoy—lasting* PEACE! sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

* Edinburgh.

THE UNIVERSAL TOAST.

TUNE—*Same as the preceding.*

WITH *Toasts sentimental* the evening we'll crown,
Abundance I have now in store, sir,
Dull Care in a bumper of wine let us drown,
When he's gone—we'll have—*One Bottle more*, sir.
Pass the toast round,
Mirth will abound,
Wherever good wine and *choice spirits* are found.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's to the Man who is upright and just,
Likewise, *To the downright and true*, sir,
Here's, *To the Woman whose faith we can trust,*
And, *The Man—that no bribe can subdue*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's—*To each Hero, whose name we revere,*
To, *Philosophers (learned and wise,)* sir;
Here's—*To the Lover whose vows are sincere,*
And, *The Maiden, whose virtue we prize*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's, *To our Friends (whether absent or near,)*
To, *Arts—Science—Trade—Navigation;*
Here's, *To the Health of each brave Volunteer,*
And, *Success to the whole* BRITISH NATION!

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

To, *Our Merchants (so great,)* and, *Our Artists (so ra*
A bumper, I hope, you'll allow, sir,
Mechanics and Mariners, both claim a share,
And we'll drink—*Here's success to the Plough*, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round*, &

Our *Grand Magna Charta*, (each Englishman's boast,)
With zeal let us ever maintain, sir;
The Judges and Juries of Britain, we'll toast,
In bumpers of Port or Champaign, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round*, &

May the heart that is honest ne'er meet with distress,
May the liberal mind be rewarded;
May Heav'n, in it's mercy, the Orphan still bless,
And, *Piety's prayer be regarded.*

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round*, &

To, *All in authority*, bumpers we'll fill,
(Like Patriots, expressing a hope, sir,
That, *Wisdom may guide all their Councellors still*,)
Whether EMPEROR, CONSUL, *or* POPE, sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round*, &

When *Death* comes, to summon our *Souls* to the sky!
And the last dregs of *Life* are quite drain'd, sir,
To the regions of bliss, may we then soar on high,
And a place 'mongst the Just be obtain'd! sir.

CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round*, &

VERSES IN ADDENDA,

Which may be introduced, ad libitum, *in either of the foregoing Sentimental Songs.*

Here's—*To the Man whose humanity's such,*
That his heart feels to mercy inclin'd, sir,
Who a fly would not injure by any rude touch,
And still proves a friend to mankind, sir.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's—*To our Commerce* and *Fisheries too,*
And, *To those who each region explore,* sir;
To, *Our Lime—Coal—and Tin Mines,* a bumper is due,
To, *Our Lead Mines*—and *Rich Copper Ore,* sir.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's to, *The Turf,*—and, *Delights of the Chase,*
To, *Huntsmen,* (so jovial and gay) sir;
Here's to, *The health of the whole human race,*
Come, bumpers, my Boys, then display, sir.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

Here's, *Wishing allurements of Vice never may*
Our Virtue betray, (by our blindness)
May the dictates of Reason, our minds ever sway,
And, *Poverty—keep far behind us.*
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

May, PEACE *spread her Olive,* and, PLENTY *extend*
Her liberal gifts o'er each Land, sir;
From Peril and Famine, all Nations defend,
Whilst the blessings of *Freedom* expand, sir.
CHORUS.—*Pass the toast round, &c.*

THE TEMPLE OF FREEDOM!

Written during the French Revolution.

TUNE—"*Liberty Hall.*'

YE Friends here so social, so happy and gay,
Who in mirth, song, and glee, pass the moments away;
Attend to the song of a *Briton*, whose aim,
Is the *Blessings* we *Britons* enjoy, to proclaim.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Encircl'd by *Ocean*, this *Isle* proudly rears
Her cliffs to the sky, and majestic appears;
A temple for *Freedom* and *Glory* renown'd,
In *England! Old England!* is still to be found.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

This temple (so sacred) by JOVE set apart,
For lodging that treasure—an *Englishman's Heart*,
A jewel by *Reason* and *Virtue* refin'd,
With *Love*, *Truth*, and *Honor* for ever enshrin'd.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Great-Britain! where *Commerce* and *Liberty* reign,
(Of *Europe*, the balancing scale we sustain)
Her Name o'er the ocean our *Navies* have hurl'd,
And *Britons* are homag'd all over the *World!*

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Tho' *Neighbouring States*, 'mongst themselves disagree,
Shall that cause dissentions, 'mongst *Britons* so free;
Tho' *Frenchman* with *Frenchman* may quarrel and fight,
Let *Briton* with *Briton* for ever unite!

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Here, plac'd in the *Toyshop of Europe*,* may we,
By *Industry* spur'd, let our countrymen see,
Our zeal for the welfare of *Britain*, is such,
In *Arts* we'll excel—the *French*, *Spanish*, or *Dutch*.

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

Then come, now, my friends, let the glass circle round,
With *mirth*, *joy*, and *glee*, let the ev'ning be crown'd;
With *three loyal cheers*, now, the sky let us rend,
For, *Our King!*—for, *Our Country!*—and, *each social Friend!*

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

* Adapted for it's own Meredian.

THE RECOMMENDATION.

A Dialogue Song.

WRITTEN DURING THE WAR.

TUNE—"*Ma'am, are you inclin'd to Wed?*"

A.

IN this wrangling, jangling age,
Party feuds abounding;
Snarling mortals may engage,
Right and *Wrong* confounding;
But, my friend, let you and I,
All disputes disdaining,
With a song our time employ,
Mirth and *glee* maintaining.
With a fal al al de ral, &c.

B.

Joy and pleasure to impart,
I'll do the best I can, sir,
And I'll sing, with all my heart,
As I like the plan, sir;
All disputing I despise,
Party zealots shun, sir,
For a life of *mirth* I prize,
Social glee and *fun*, sir.
With my fal al al de ral, &c.

A.

Modes of faith may others sway,
But a *Turk* or *Jew*, sir,
Cath'lic, *Pagan*, or *Malaye*,
Still shall find me *true*, sir.

B.

Friends sincere, I hope to find,
Then my wishes center,
To see, in *Peace* and *Love* combin'd,
Churchman and *Dissenter*.
With their fal al al de ral, &c.

A.

Thus, avoiding party strife,
Joy will still attend us,

B.

Then, let's lead a merry life,
Whilst all men befriend us.

A.

Come, full bumpers then display,
In each sparkling glass, sir,

AMBO.

Social, *happy*, *free*, and *gay*,
Thus the time we pass, sir.
With our fal al al de ral, &c.

THE RATIFICATION.

TUNE—"*God save the*

HARK! hark! a joyful sound,
Spreads the whole Sphere around,
Whilst echos ring;
Hark! hark! I hear the cry,
Whilst echos round reply,
"PEACE!—PEACE!" in songs of joy,
Britons now sing.

WAR's dire alarms no more,
Echo from shore to shore,
With dreadful noise!
PEACE comes, with *Olive* crown'd,
Joy spreads the *Nation* round,
Echo repeats the sound,
"*Britons* rejoice!"

PEACE comes, and PLENTY smiles,
Whilst, thro' these happy *Isles*,
Britons now sing;
"PEACE spreads her *Olive* wand,
"PLENTY's rich gifts expand,
"*Britons* join heart and hand,"
"*God save the King!*"

O may the joyful sound,
Spread the whole Globe around,
Whilst echos ring;
Frenchmen, with joy, now see,
Concord and amity,
Join *British* hearts so free,
"*God save the King!*"

THE

GIFT OF THE GODS!

Sung at the Anniversary of the French Revolution, at the Hotel, Birmingham, July 14, 1791.

TUNE—"*Liberty Hall.*"

THE Gods, in full council, assembl'd in Heav'n,
To *Britons* determin'd a gift should be giv'n;
This blessing so rare, then, with joy they decree,
And JOVE gave his fiat—"*Ye Britons be free!*"

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

The loud trump of *Fame*, far and near, spread the sound,
And *Freedom* descending, soon reach'd *British* ground!
So pleas'd with the spot she appear'd then to be,
She vow'd that—*Old England should ever be free!*

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

The rays of fair *Freedom* spread glory afar,
Our ancestors hail'd her, their chief leading star;
A temple of honor was rear'd in each heart,
And *Liberty Hall* set for *Freedom* apart.

Fal de ral de ral, &

Our neighbours, in *France*, of our *Freedom* aware,
And wishing such blessings might fall to their share;
For *Freedom* petition—the Gods they agree,
And issue their mandate—*that France should be free.*

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

The *fourteenth of July* was fix'd as the day,
When millions their homage to *Freedom* should pay!
In the annals of *Fame*, then, enrol'd may it be,
Which witness'd a NATION—made happy and free!

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

With loud acclamation, let each raise his voice,
And give round the word—" *Sons of Freedom rejoice!*"
Let each loyal *Briton*, then, cheerfully sing,
The blessings of Freedom—and—Long live the King!

Fal de ral de ral, &c.

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